

# Student review

year thirteen issue four 14 April 1999



spring broke since 1986



## Campus Art Comparisons

Nick Bradbury  
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I grew up in a college town, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Though I moved away three decades ago, I remember it well. Our house on Walnut Lane was only three blocks from the Swarthmore College campus, and once I learned to ride a bike, the place became my own stomping ground.

I was supercool, my six-year-old self, on my BMX racer, having the run of the place. I left no path unexplored and no building unvisited. I took in everything; the dumpsters heaped with their treasures, free food and fun at campus parties, and air rich with ivy, chlorophyll, and Tradition.

The deepest-imprinted residues of nostalgia come from the old things that were sitting around that school: old buildings of brilliant old architecture growing old vines on the walls, an old outdoor amphitheater built into the side of a hill for graduation, and lots of venerable old trees keeping the time of the seasons.

One might say that there's nothing special about all of that oldness; that it's just plain old. But I'll say that the place has a different feel to it. It feels like a school. Drive me, blindfolded, from fifty miles away and I'll tell when we arrive on campus because it has a *feel* to it. It is a warm old place, welcoming discussion and harboring reflection and thought.

One thing I particularly remember are the sentinels guarding that place: statues, large stone gateways, and one particularly elegant iron sculpture watching over one of the quads. These things belong where they are. A highly esteemed part of the campus community, like people and buildings, they're fixtures.

Now, I bring that perspective to BYU. On a midnight stroll across campus, I betook myself to investigating our own guardians of knowledge. I found them, too: the Bronze Family, the HBLL Indian (Massasoit?), a 2,000 lb. Costa Rican stone ball of unknown purpose, Maeser, the ASB's Brother Brigham, and, most strikingly, the Tree of Wisdom. I tried to reconcile these works with the ones I had grown up with. Did they serve the same purpose as their Mid-Atlantic cousins?

My answer: well, I guess so. With the exception of The Tree of Wisdom, the statues seemed to "fit" well enough. Granted, a 2,000 lb. stone ball of unknown purpose is

hard to put *anywhere*, but it seems particularly aloof huddling under its coniferous protection on the JSB quad.

Most disturbing was the Tree of Wisdom, sequestered in the shadow of the Kimball Tower. I backed away, and looked at it from all angles, but no matter how I sliced it, I couldn't make the statue look right. It disturbed me.

Then, a month ago, in my English class, we watched some corny library video that for the first time gave me a glimpse of the old main quad. All I'd seen up to then was the Dirt Pit, and this film gave me a glimpse of all that the quad could be. There, staring down Brother Brigham, was the Tree of Wisdom, in all its raging glory. Brigham's spirituality opposite—The Tree's academic presence. A meaningful mix and a beautiful combination. And the quad looked like the kind of place that might give refuge to a downtrodden post-exam student. A place the average person could hang out and commune with the environment.

Now, it's a cement- and shrub-burdened thoroughfare with a few benches in the middle for weary hikers. BYU didn't think long enough before dramatically altering our quad. It was a symbol and source of recognition and identity for its students. We should put an imperative value on the symbols that mark our passage here.



Beauty at Swarthmore

Dear Editor,

I am Indian-American. A few weeks ago I received a multicultural/international student survey which was supposed to see how well people of different cultural backgrounds have settled into the BYU community. I would say that it is a good effort on the school's part except that I don't fall under either of these categories. I am not from another country, and I don't fall under the multicultural category because I am not African-American, Mexican-American, Latino, Native American, a Southeast Asian refugee or Polynesian. (I am Indian-American and there is no category I fall under.) These attempts to help ethnic students feel more comfortable are great. However, they don't always work because so many of us fall between the cracks. I guess I am not writing to demean the efforts the school makes, but rather to say that there needs to be a greater effort made. We are lost and don't know where to go when we have questions. And as an ethnic student, or rather as a student, I should feel like my needs are being met. At this time I don't really feel that, and something needs to be done about it.

Sincerely,  
Ethnically Homeless

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student review is an independent forum for thought serving the campus community of brigham young university and uvsc. the views expressed herein are the views of the authors, not necessarily those of the sr staff, local high school students, 3 billy goats gruff, "no fear" t-shirts, byu, mr. boffo, or the church of jesus christ of latter-day saints. we invite all students to get involved: articles and other contributions are welcome from anyone in the campus community.

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## Feminists for Breakfast

**Nicole Gharda**  
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*A look at the struggles and achievements of VOICE in an attempt to further understand the role of feminism at BYU.*

In his presentation, *Gender Equality and the Family Proclamation*, at the VOICE meeting March 18, Alan Hawkins commented: "True feminists eat feminists like me for breakfast." This statement provides a glimpse into the struggle VOICE has experienced in its ten years on BYU campus.

Though claiming to be a feminist, Hawkins admitted that he can only define himself as such in the conservative BYU context. VOICE is restricted from inviting Hawkins' "true feminists" to speak, despite the club's feminist agenda. Jolene Yukes, VOICE president, explains, "We do feel some pressure from the administration to watch what we do and not overstep any boundaries. We have been told that if we 'mess up' one more time, we'll be denied a sponsorship by BYUSA. We've been put on probation a few times in the past for various reasons and now we have to be extra careful because certain members of the administration view us as troublemakers." This administrative pressure recently banned VOICE's annual Clothesline Project, a display of t-shirts designed by survivors of abuse which depict each individual's story, helping viewers understand the reality behind statistics.

Yukes explains that this tension between VOICE and BYU has existed since its founding. In 1988, five women concerned with sexism at BYU and marginalization of women in society decided there was a need for an official feminist group on campus and formed the BYU Committee to Promote the Status of Women (CPSW). When Kristin Rushforth (a co-founder) stood in front of her Physical Science 100 class to announce their next meeting, students responded with whispers and jeers. Says Rushforth, "Then the professor stood and explained that any announcements made to his students should apply to all of them, not just half."

When Rushforth proposed to invite a counselor from the rape crisis center to a CPSW meeting to address sexual abuse, the speaker was rejected much like the VOICE Clothesline Project. "Rape is a very controversial subject," they were told by John Stolton, university VP.

I don't know precisely what feminism is, but I do know that people call me a feminist whenever I express sentiments that differentiate me from a doormat.

-Rebecca West

"You have to understand that we have some very conservative contributors who wouldn't appreciate your approach." Similarly in 1995, the administration censured VOICE for rallying off-campus against Clarence Thomas.

Hawkins' comment greatly offended Yukes. She explains, "Such statements perpetuate damaging stereotypes about feminism created by the media, portraying feminists as rageful, man-eating monsters that have deterred many from affiliating with anything associated with the label of feminism. To hear Hawkins jokingly perpetuate such misrepresentations of feminism was like a stab in the back." She goes on

to explain that the club refuses to narrowly define feminism and chooses instead to simply promote the status of women through open discussion of related issues, which allows for the coexistence of many types of feminism. In the official VOICE pamphlet, Rebecca West expresses that, "I don't know precisely what feminism is, but I do know that people call me a feminist whenever I express sentiments that differentiate me from a doormat."

A list of VOICE's achievements is far from discouraging. Because of its influence, the Women's Services and Resources Center was established on-campus, as well as SAVE--Students Against Violent Environments. It has led in the establishment of the annual Conference on Understanding and Overcoming Abuse and the Annual Conference on the Empowerment of Women in Poverty. VOICE has arranged for many well-recognized women to speak in the recent past: Terry Tempest Williams, Emma Lou Thayne, Chieko Okazaki, Aileen Clyde, and Elouise Bell. Weekly meetings and activities raise awareness about gender issues and the importance of women's issues. As the final activity for the year, VOICE organized its annual Take Back the Night: a rally, candlelight vigil, and concert to protest violence. VOICE has made great headway towards convincing the mainly conservative BYU culture that feminism deserves a place on campus too.

**WHAT ARE YOU DOING SPRING AND SUMMER?**

Do something worthwhile! Work with Student Review.

Recruitment Meeting May 4th in the Brimhall Atrium 8:00 pm.

## Spring Fling Flang Flung

Suzette Widdison  
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*The question that remains, however, baffling students and faculty alike, is "Who really IS the community?"*

PROVO, Utah

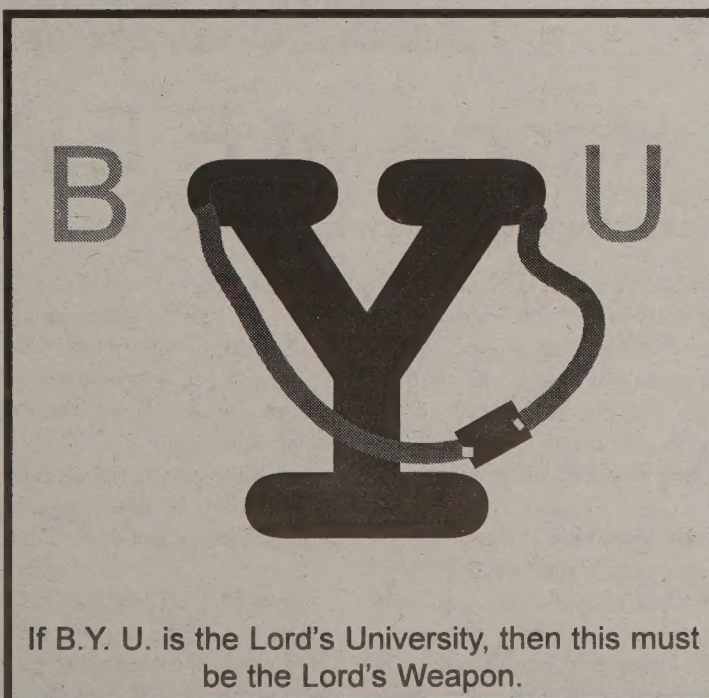
At 12:30 a.m. Wednesday, April 14, 1999 BYUSA's annual Spring Fling was abruptly brought to an end. Complaints from "the community" convinced the real cops to tell the BYU police to tell the powers that be to tell the organizers to tell the yellow-shirted security officers to tell the deejays to tell the masses to go home.

This was met by groans of disbelief from the crowd. Fortunately, the decidedly sober crowd never really got violent, and the crowd dispersed in peace, reinforcing the opinion of this paper that the blue and white AK-47s were never really needed.

The question that remains, however, baffling students and faculty alike, is "Who really IS the community?" BYU owns all of Provo and parts of south Orem as well. The complaints, then, must have come from some of our own. Some of the same who encourage being "high on life" and "good clean fun."

Well, if dancing to censored music (the deejays are excellent at turning down the volume during those four letter words) on church-owned property does not qualify as good clean fun, I don't know what does. The real culprit here seems to be the music.

BYUSA organizers are looking in to live performances by the Men's and Women's Choruses for the Fall Fling, maybe with a guest performance by Michael Mclean.



Moshing was the major issue of this year's Spring Fling. More than ever, the deejay had to stop the music in order to convince people to stop this satanic practice. The figures that have come in so far were an average of 6 times an hour, as compared to only 3 times at the Fall Fling last year and only twice at last year's Spring Fling. The rapidly rising numbers have concerned administrators as high up as Bateman's secretary. However, some students feel that moshing is an important form of expression. A 28-yr-old senior from Flint, Michigan, who prefers to remain anonymous, told us, "I can't get in bar fights here. Raping and pillaging is no longer socially acceptable. Drive by shooting is less than fully fulfilling. How am I supposed to release my natural, testosterone-induced aggression? Moshing is perfect for this. And it's only dangerous when girls think they can get in there and keep up." (This is where our interview ended.)

The general consensus was that this year's Spring Fling went no better but no worse than years before. However, the fact remains: it's no Spring Break.



# Provo Restaurant Reviews 1999

Spring is rolling around again--the seasonal snow tells us so. If you're as broke as we are, check out these restaurants. You won't be sorry.

## EL AZTECA:

### TONGUE IN CHEEK

By Nick Bradbury (ncbradbury@byu.edu)

Even though I'm Russian, I love the authentic Mexican food at El Azteca," says Sergei Muschev, a trucker passing through Provo on his way to Firth, Idaho. His rich accent barely squeezes through his mouthful of enchilada.

Just west of BYU on Bulldog Ave., El Azteca

("The Lamanite") brings Old Mexico hopping into our beds with food straight from the homeland.

Though the *flan* is expensive (\$2.39, and some guy said it isn't even that big; we

didn't pay to find out), this is one cafe worth checking out.

The food's not the only thing with great flavor here: the first thing that caught our eye was the food preparation area, well-exposed to the store's front window. Here we watched a man, Ricardo; a bean-masher, mashing beans in his bean-mashing machine.

One of the coolest attractions is the place's variety. If you're up for a little adventure, you can order "al pastor," their special pork contrivance, or you can really tempt the gods and order the tongue. Don't ask what animal it comes from, but do note its individual texture.

The real aces up El Azteca's sleeve, though, are the

authentic soft drinks. Though also pricey, my Inca Kola was way worth it, and we had a fun time guessing at what was in Adam's Malta India.

Counting the variety, plus a primo salsa verde and

supercool pickled carrot disks, this place can't be beat for a little spice to bring the

!vive! into your summer. *Afterthought: if someone does order the tongue, be sure to pay the proper tribute. We suggest, "hey Brooke, let me have a shot at your tongue," or something along those lines.*

"A bean masher, mashing beans in his bean-mashing machine."

## the malt shoppe

LeAnne Smith

When my friend Mark heard I was moving to Provo, he exclaimed, "Oh Boy! You're gonna live by The Malt Shoppe!" I had no idea why that was such a big deal until I ate there the other night. In the immortal words of Clayton Carter, a 3rd-year marketing major at BYU: "There's nothing better than dancing to some cool music out on their patio after a good ice cream."

Besides being close to BYU campus and having a unique car-hop service, it has a large patio to enjoy the weather in the hot summer months. They provide cool music for dancing, according to Clayton.

However, there is a dark side to The Malt Shoppe. When ordering I have never had such an inadvertently rude server. Once we told her that we were reviewing the place for SR, she continued talking to a friend instead of answering our questions.

One of the highlights of the visit was the jukebox, which Vern used to liven the place up a bit. Music selection: Magic Carpet Ride by Steppenwolf. Everyone felt like they were on

a magic carpet ride as some swing kids sitting in the next booth started jiving to the music, much to Vern's delight.

And, of course, the food. I loved the food. A variety of hamburgers, hot dogs, sandwiches and tons of malts and shakes. Over 60 different flavors of shakes to try. And the prices weren't too bad at all. As expressed by one happy customer, "I'm getting my groove on. I like this place!"

## No Haggis at R.E.A.M.S.

Adam Martin (atomic\_sr@yahoo.com)

REAMS supermarket is on 1250 N. and 100W. in Provo. Inside the store is a "cafe" specializing in classic American fast foods. The word REAMS is actually an acronym. It has roots in the ancient motto of Scottish street vendors: Rapid Eatables And Morsels.

The cafe's atmosphere is daringly subversive. The eatery is right outside REAMS produce section. Above the door leading to all those veggies is written: "Eat Meat." I have evidence that the REAMS ambiance draws an underground crowd. For example, a man dressed in a

Burger King uniform was eating there when we arrived. It takes a lot of guts to go behind the King's back like that. REAMS Cafe is one of those underground places you usually only hear about word-of-mouth.

The Cafe serves up a variety of quick foods at low prices. Here are just a few selected items: hot dogs, 3 for \$1.00; polish dogs, \$1.00, tamale w/chile and cheese, \$1.49. The drinks are amusing because they come in sizes ranging from "fun (absurdly small) size" to large. Fresh lime slushes are \$0.59 to \$1.19; fountain drinks \$0.25 to \$0.79. They also serve up

ice cream, shakes, malts and slushies.

The eating facilities are progressively communal. They have a circular counter-top at chest level big enough for five people to eat around. It would be the perfect place for subversive gatherings. Plus, there is a hole in the middle to put your trash when you finish eating. For conformists there are two booth-style tables to eat at.

The food at the REAMS Cafe was quality and cheap, but the real enjoyment was the quirky location and backdrop.

They're open Mon.-Sat. 7am-11pm.

## RAISE A GLASS TO THE RED LANTERN

By: Kyla-Brooke  
kylabrooke@yahoo.com

This place is so authentically Chinese that neither the manager nor the waitress speaks English--most communication is done through over-exaggerated facial expressions and hand gestures.

It takes a while to get a table on a Saturday night because it is very popular amongst the locals. To get the best deal, go on a Saturday for lunch because they have an all-you-can-eat buffet for \$4.99. As it is inexpensive, do not expect polished silverware or five-star service, but rather, poor décor which is constantly being worn away by over-zealous kids vying for more helpings of ice cream.

The Red Lantern embraces the American idea of self-service. There is an enormous arrangement of high-quality food to choose from that keeps

you going back for more. They serve the standard Chinese dishes, but one word of warning: stay away from the SHRIMP. The idea of endless amounts of shrimp waiting to be eaten can be very alluring but the stuff is nasty. I could

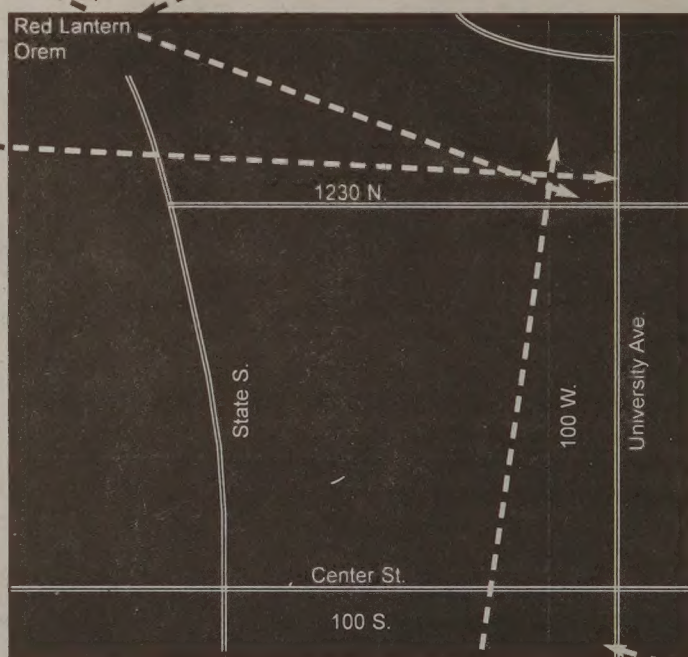
"Stay away from the SHRIMP... the stuff is nasty."

only stomach one but even that poor fellow saw daylight again after being in my mouth for just a few seconds.

At the end of the meal, the bill was presented with the usual fortune cookies. I only like to believe them when they say something positive is going to happen in my life, although they are always wrong on my lucky numbers.

But back to the point. Do yourself a favor--go to THE RED LANTERN.

Saturday, 12 pm, buffet, \$4.99



## Los Tres Amigos:

A Hidden Jewel in Provo's Oyster Bed

by: Rebecca Vernon  
(rkv@email.byu.edu)

Los Tres Amigos is the best Mexican joint in town. The reason nobody knows that is because it's a block away from Los Hermanos, that establishment whose Mexican-ness is mere sham, and where every BYU male takes his BYU date after BYU Homecoming because of the atmosphere. Atmosphere shmatmosphere. You'll get atmosphere and then some at Los Tres Amigos. And it's the "then some" I want to talk about.

There are no false pretensions here. My folks should know. Every time they roll into town, they cart me and my brothers off to eat at Los Tres Amigos. It's supposed to be some kind of special treat. But secretly, I know my Dad just likes to beat the system. Because that's what Los Tres Amigos is, my friend. A nice, kick-back 70's Mexican place with huge, oily portions of no-nonsense 70's Tex-Mex food for dirt cheap prices (\$5-\$6 for plates as big as Texas). If you're wondering what 70's Mexican food is, as opposed to 90's Mexican food, well, that's a little something you're going to have to figure out for yourself.

So when you go, sit down, order a beef enchilada, (or anything with a beef enchilada in it, on it, or around it--I recommend Combination Plate #6), note the 70's red-and-white bubbled glasses you can remember from when you were 12, and don't pay too much attention to the country music playing in the background. You didn't come here for the music, anyway.

You'll leave feeling good, knowing that you did your part in fighting back against the sleek, empirical Mexican restaurants of the 90's that serve salsa and chips in three different colors and are slowly taking over the world. They might have lost touch with the Real Mexico, but I know a place that hasn't--and you can probably guess where that place is. Come on down to Los Tres Amigos: where you can be yourself, get greasy, and eat a Maui Wau for dessert.



# Events and Entertainment

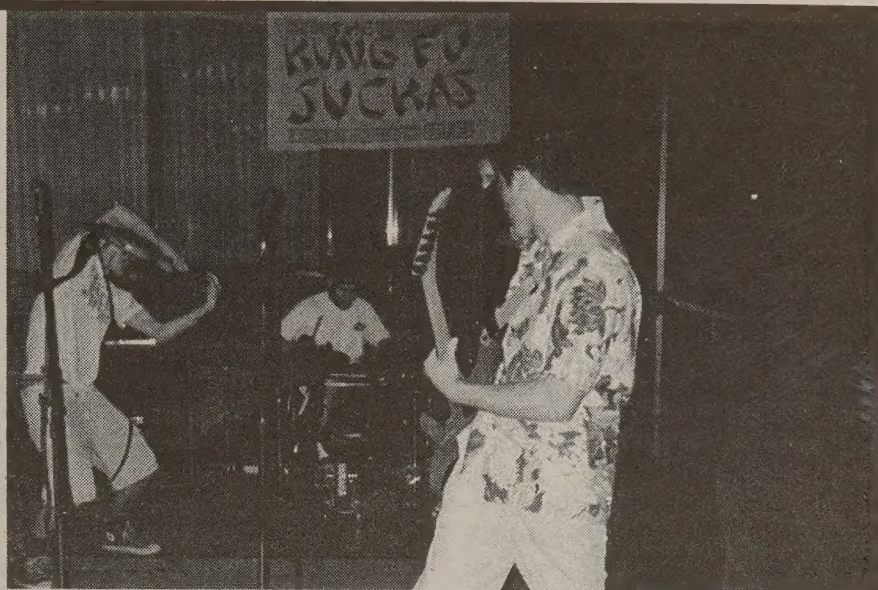
## Local Band Feature: THE KUNG FU SUCKAS

Matt Jenkins (mvj3@email.byu.edu)

While many people find it a cool name for a band, "The Kung Fu Suckas" may be a bit misleading. Being personally acquainted with the band, I've noticed two problems with it. First of all, none of them know a thing about Kung Fu, other than what they might gather from a Jackie Chan movie. Second, from what I've heard of the band, they definitely don't suck. Kung Fu Suckas is comprised of four freshman guys living in Budge Hall, Helaman Halls. Just like a large portion of the rest of BYU, they all come from grand old So. Cal. On lead guitar and vocals is Brian Bowen, affectionately termed "Bloopy the Star Man." On bass is Chris Patton, who owns a car, making him the most popular band member. On rhythm guitar is the newest member, Mark Bentley, who constantly supplies a small crowd of female freshman groupies. Finally, on drums is Greg Carlson, the only band member with an actual girlfriend, who is affectionately nicknamed Yoko, and gives the final word on whether or not practices or shows may occur. Does this sound slightly

ominous to anyone else?

The Kung Fu Suckas cite many influences on their musical style. Greg describes these influences: "Chris likes funk, blues, jazz and Led Zeppelin, Brian's a heavy metal junky, I'm a punk freak, and Mark just goes along with it and jumps around like a kangaroo sometimes." Chris claims, "Our music is very diverse and unclassifiable." When forced to give a definite description of their music in a few words, they generally call it "pop-punk, with originality." The Kung Fu Suckas have played numerous gigs and small shows in the short time they've been together, including opening for My Man Friday's CD Release Party at the Wrapsody. The Kung Fu Suckas are recording a CD in May and will play at Student Review's Benefit Concert, Wednesday, April 14th, at the State Mental Hospital Amphitheater. Concerning this concert, the band has said, "This is the commencement of the Kung Fu Takeover! (which will continue after we get home from our missions.)"



## Top 20 Boffow JO

Robot Brigham Young  
Flip-Flops

21000000 W1102010

Sunfall Festival  
Dining Plus

11:42 BW HBTG M0K0NB C011

Yellow Converse

Brand new baby polar bears at Hogle Zoo

8570000100

256 shades of grey  
Paul Simon's coming

W000  
Ugly ducklings

Nude Modeling

110012

Refugees  
End of School

0000 0000000

10 Things I Hate About You  
D.U. Honor Code Coverage

100000 EX100000000

The upper hand  
Dr. Scholls

0100000 000000000

Freshman Streaker  
Oranges from the tree

100000000 10000

Sardines (the game)  
D.T. Pool

000000 20000000 000000000

**Student Review Benefit Concert**  
Wednesday, April 14th 7pm

**\$4 Sunfall Festival \$4**  
**Stigma S.P.E.C.T.R.E. & The Kung Fu Suckas**

Behind the State Mental Hospital  
FREE HOT COCOA & PIZZA  
**\*We're gonna party like it's 1999**

## Froglick

Lucy Jane (kattgirl@aol.com)

Froglick--Randy on vocals, Lou (who used to play with famed Swim Herschel Swim) on guitar, Mark on bass, and Rich on drums--has been around for a while, but I'm not sure what sort of exposure they've had. Even knowing them, I hadn't had a chance to give them a listen until last Tuesday night. I stopped by Lou's house for a practice, and found myself pleasantly surprised.

Having heard them referred to as ska-punk, I was expecting yet another extra-happy and upbeat disorganization of horns, ska riffs and over-elaborate drum beats. Instead, Froglick is an extremely talented three-piece with funky bass lines and great guitar.

The bass lines were catchy and

groovin' and blended right in with the drums to make a great backing for the guitar. Although the guitar wasn't completely void of ska, Lou didn't overdo it. He plays an upbeat, un-cheesy guitar, and adds a few ingenious solos here and there.

Overall, I enjoyed the practice, as well as the three song demo I got on my way out the door. Froglick is a great band and I recommend them to anyone looking for an energy-filled show, minus the ultra-peppy ska-geeks that

are almost inevitable at ska shows in Utah Valley. They have an excellent sound, and with a little fine-tuning, could be one of the best bands to come from this area. Check them out online, [www.froglick.com](http://www.froglick.com).



## BeAnne's Lyric Corner

- "Always tried to breeze through my life,  
Repetitious things I've done one million times."
- "There goes my old girlfriend,  
There's another diamond ring  
And all those late night promises--  
I guess they don't mean a thing."
- "Oh just groping you,  
Rolling in the mud--  
Stay awhile,  
Come on love."
- "Now you're here  
And begging for a chance.  
There's no way in hell  
I'd take you back."
- "In the end I sense another change,  
And whether in the end  
Life is clear."
- "I'm not your lover,  
I'm not your friend,  
I am something that you'll never comprehend."

## INTERNATIONAL MUSIC SPOTLIGHT



P.J. Harvey (Great Britain)

"I actually find wearing makeup like that, sort of smeared around, as extremely beautiful. Maybe that's just my twisted sense of beauty. I'm always attracted to things which are a little bit too much, as you can hear in the music. Certain pieces of music that might seem unsavory or difficult for some people to listen to I might find very soothing."

-SpinJan. 1996

Recently released her 5th album, "Is This Desire?"

For more info: [www.pjh.org](http://www.pjh.org)

1. "Free" The Martins, 2. "What it Takes" Aerosmith, 3. "Stay (Wasting Time)" Dave Matthews Band 4. "Special" Garbage, 5. "Crazy Life" Toad the Wet Sprocket, 6. "I Would Die 4 U" Prince



# Spring Broke

Ryan Honaker  
ryanhonaker@hotmail.com

You know how when one of your friends gets a new Transformer you always get jealous and tell your mom, "But mom, Clarence's mom bought him a new Transformer. Why can't I get one?" (I use the name Clarence in order to protect him and his Transformer collection.) And then your mom responds with something like, "If Clarence's mom sold him into slave labor, would I sell you?" And as you sit and make Nikes, you realize the answer. Well, this is a pretty blatant metaphor for Spring Break at BYU.

Much like the repressed of any nation, I dreamed of the Spring Break I read about in books and heard about on the radio. Longing for freedom, I decided to put my ecclesiastical endorsement on the line and make a few phone calls to try and discover why the rest of the free world and Cuba got Spring Break and I didn't.

So after watching a couple of episodes of VIP to sharpen my investigative skills, I did the first thing that any Provo private investigator would do - call BYU info. I ended up with BYUSA, who as we all know are imminently helpful regarding anything they do, if any of us only had a clue what that was. I told them of the plight suffered by the student body, and they gave me the number of the Dean's office and said they'd transfer me. The next thing I know, and this is the truth, I am talking to the BYU police department. I think to myself how glad I am that happened because it'll look great in print. So back to trusty BYU info, this time

I get President Bateman's office (no, it's not a classified number), who transferred me to the BYU police department. Actually, they told me that the reason BYU doesn't have Spring Break was because of "accreditation purposes" and that because they wanted to "help the student" graduate faster, BYU offers two terms between semesters, and so there is "no time" for "this so-called Spring Break" (ok, those last quotes are me quoting myself).

I decided I would call UVSC and ask them how many terms they had during the summer. The girl was attempting to decipher the order of the terms and after some prompting in the form of, "I'm pretty sure spring does generally fall after winter", she informed me that they have five "sessions" (which are like terms), of which you can actually take up to three. So more credits available and a Spring Break.

After several subsequent phone transfers to BYU police, I was again conversing with President Bateman's office about this point. After numerous attempts to coerce me into believing the accreditation thing, she came to the conclusion that the extra several weeks are used up in Education Week and other university conferences at the end of August.

So as others across the nation and in Cuba celebrate the end of winter, just think how culturally aware we are as we, in August, celebrate the end of winter for the southern hemisphere.



It would seem that the creator of the displays in the Knight-Magnum building doubts the divinity of the seagull miracle. Be sure to catch next month's display on Joseph Smith "the prophet". Photo by A. Scott Haycock

This evening on Cougar Cable:											
	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
KBYU	Devotional: You're So Blessed to be Here		John Tesh: A Man and his Music			Little House	An Evening at Pops		John Tesh: A Man and his Music		
Coug 1	Marriage Hints From Helen		Y Not B Good?	Premarital Sex: The Silent Killer		Rape: It Could Happen to You		Group Dating: Food, Friends and Fun		Devotional: Go to Bed Now	
Coug 2	Who to Talk to	What to Think	What to Say	BYU theater presents: At the Wilk! (Musical)			Who You Are	What You Stand For		Remember Who You Are and What You Stand For	
Coug 3	Cougar News		Film: Johnny Lingo		Film: A Cipher in the Snow		Film: What is Real?		COUG exclusive: Pres. Hinckley vs. Billy Graham. WWF Religious Leader Championship		

Compiled by: Dave Hurtado

## Swearing Rules!

While conducting research for a linguistic ethnography project in eastern Utah, SR foreign correspondent Nephi Wilson discovered an interesting pattern of socially acceptable swearing. For the first time in print, we bring you the Official Rules of Utah Cussing:

1. In Vernal it is okay to say "ass" if it is preceded by the word "jack." Ex: "LaMont, you jackass, you can't put a CD in an 8-Track machine!"
2. In Duchesne it appears acceptable to say the word "hell" with the attached prefix "aw" or when followed by the words "of a." Ex: "Aw, hell Lavina, this is one hell of a good potato salad."
3. In any Utah militia town the word "damn" is okay if it is prefixed by "suh." Ex: "Ah'm suh damn hungry Ah could eat a harse."

We hope you find these guidelines useful in your weekend travels.

## DEVIL'S ADVOCATE-

fighting against mainstream society

by Jim Harker  
grubas@juno.com



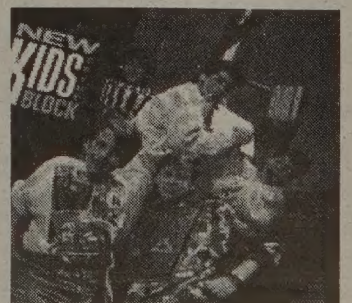
When I was on my mission, I heard songs by the Backstreet Boys and other such bands being played on the streets, in diners and so forth. "Wow, I sure am lucky to have been born in America," I would think to myself, "where people have good taste in music and I don't have to listen to this crap." WRONG! When I got home it turns out that not only would I have to listen to it, but that it ruined my relationship with my fifteen-year-old sister (she started crying after I made fun of 98 degrees).

Let me remind everyone of a little phenomenon that we experienced back in the late 80's called the New Kids on the Block. Donny, Danny, Jordan, Johnny, Joey, remember? Remember those five little fairy guys dancing around trying to sing? Remember how teenage girls borrowed older women's bras to throw at them? I have news for everyone. They weren't cool back then, and bands like that shouldn't be cool now.

Just so no one is confused, I'm going to start naming names. N'the Sink or whatever

is probably my least favorite of the pseudo-New Kids-type bands. There are four guys that are obviously gay, and then some guy that has nappy dreadlocks and sort of looks like a wookiee. The Backstreet Boyz' average height is around 5'4". I saw a video they did for MTV where they were all trying to look bad by lifting weights in a weight room, but they were only benching around one-hundred pounds. Even I can lift that much, and I have the chiseled features of a Polish concentration camp victim. I don't know that much about the band 98 degrees, (and I don't want to lose a sister) so you can just assume they are bad.

None of the singers in any of these bands plays any instruments. None of them write any music, and none of them believe in what they are doing. They are there purely for the money and fame, and the devotion of every girl under the age of seventeen. It is true, though, that they are all very attractive, so stop buying their music and just start buying pictures of them.





## Showoff

Erin Durst

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I am happy as  
the mouse crap sitting  
idly by the wall:

Anonymous and watching as

You,  
wormy dog,  
squirm concerned across the carpet.

You needn't mistake my  
staleness for  
dose of lifeless days.  
I spend my time looking for Yetis  
and other fleeting such.

Quit coming to dig me out!

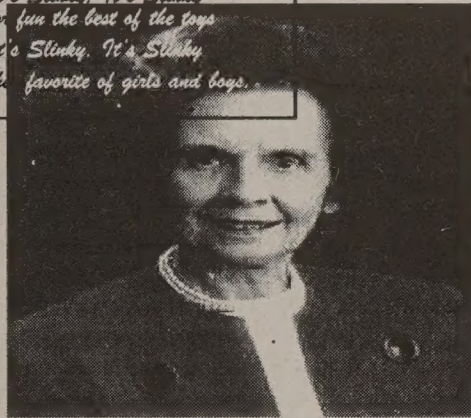
the dirty carpet as your stage

I'm growing quite perturbed  
at your frequent, uniform show:  
Each time wagging your tail at me;  
Dripping drool from that stupid grin.

Who walks the stairs without a  
care  
It shoots so high in the sky.  
Bounce up and down just like a  
clown.  
Everyone knows its Slinky.

The best present yet to give or get  
The kids will all want to try.  
The hit of the day when you are  
ready to play  
Everyone knows it's Slinky.

It's Slinky. It's Slinky  
for fun the best of the toys  
It's Slinky. It's Slinky  
the favorite of girls and boys.

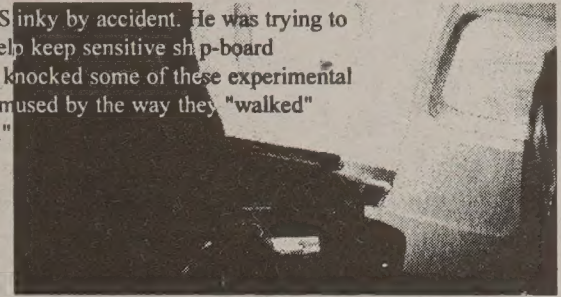


First Betty James named  
the Slinky, then she saved it.

### Slinky Web-Surfing Report

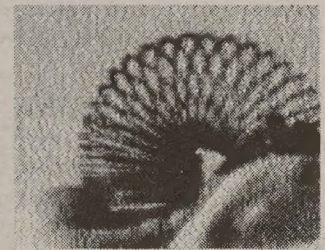
[www.messiah.edu/hpages/facstaff/barrett/slinky/home.htm](http://www.messiah.edu/hpages/facstaff/barrett/slinky/home.htm)

"Richard James invented the Slinky by accident. He was trying to develop a spring that could help keep sensitive ship-board instruments steady at sea. He knocked some of these experimental springs off a shelf, and was amused by the way they "walked" down, rather than just falling."



The slinky enjoys some Milano cookies  
at 30,000 feet. (Courtesy of Paul Kiley,  
February 1997)

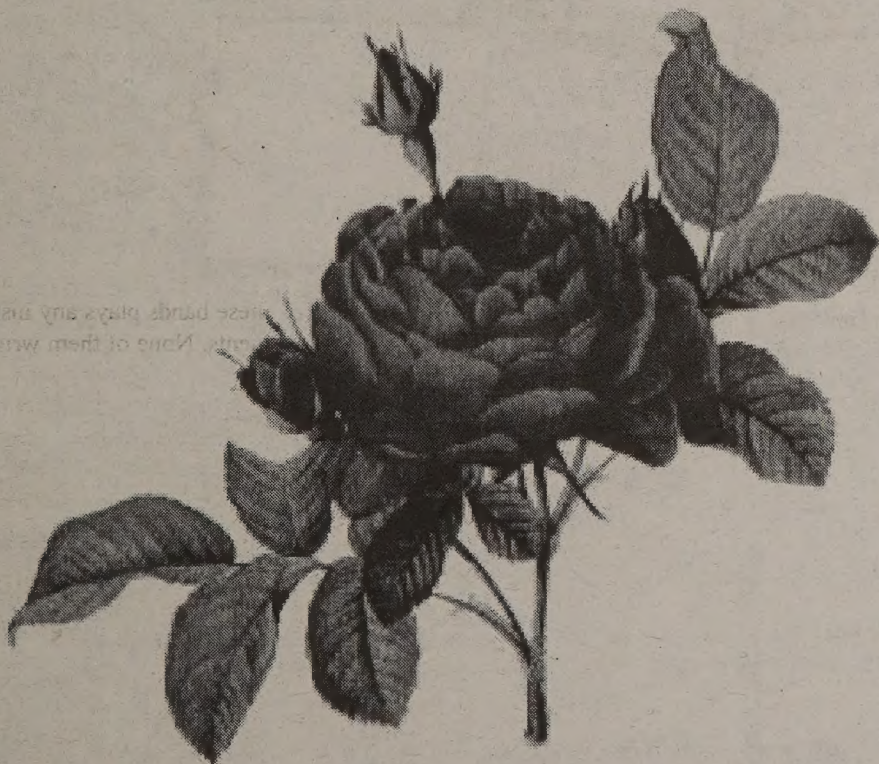
The Slinky flew out of the country right after Christmas to spend a couple of weeks in Hong Kong with Dower and Corinna Chin. The Slinky was somewhat nervous about its first trip to a communist state, but it hopes to blend in - after all, it is a Red Slinky.



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**13** My Man Friday (ska): BYU, 10:30-11:00pm, Free Jazz Blues night, Wrapsody \$2

**14** StudentReview benefit concert, \$4 7:00pm A Cappella Live, Wrapsody

**15** Utah Symphony: 7:30pm, de Jong, \$10 SunFall Festival Wrapsody

**16** Comedy Sportz, Wrapsody The Dukes of Dixieland, Utah Symphony 8pm

**17** Clover, Wrapsody Provo Pioneer Village at park, 500 N. 500 W. 10am-2pm Historic Provo Van Tours, leaving from park, \$1, RSVP 852-6600, 10-1 pm

**18** Dropkick Murphys, BRICKS, Salt Lake

**19** Mulberry Drive Wrapsody Yoga, Wellness Center, 6pm, \$519

**20**

**21** Outlet, Stringed Beats, Wrapsody

**22** S.F.L.B. CD release, Wrapsody

**23** Cosy Sheridan: folk, 7pm, call Boyd 375-4072 for details Ballet West: Spring Collage, Salt Lake

**24** Mind'sEye Bentleigh CD release Wrapsody Utah Symphony, Sizzling Sibelius, 8pm Ballet West, Spring Collage

**25**

**26** Utah Symphony, The Bernstein Beat, 8pm Yoga, Wellness Center, 6pm, \$5

**27** Celtic harpist Sue Richards, Fiddlesticks: 7pm, call Boyd 375-4072 for details

**28** Ballet West: Spring Collage, Salt Lake

**29** Millhouse, Ben Westover and more! Wrapsody

**30** Comedy Sportz, Wrapsody Utah Symphony, Gina Bachauer Winner, 8pm Ballet West, Spring Collage

thank you, please come again